

THE  
SECOND PART  
OF THE  
VISION,  
A  
PINDARICK ODE:  
*Occasioned by Their*  
MAJESTIES  
Happy Coronation.

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*Totus adest oculis, aderat qui mentibus olim,  
Spe major, fama melior. ——— Claud.*

*Fallitur egregio quisquis sub Principe credit  
Servitium, nunquam Libertas gratior extat,  
Quam sub Rege Pio. ——— Idem.*

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By *Edm. Arwaker, M. A.*

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L O N D O N,  
Printed by *J. Playford* for *Henry Playford*, near  
the *Temple-Church*: 1685.

MAJESTY  
HARRY COLONEL

1. William, Esq. of the High Court of Admiralty.  
 2. John, Esq. of the High Court of Admiralty.  
 3. The Master, James Smith, of the Ship "The Prince of Wales".  
 4. The Master, James Smith, of the Ship "The Prince of Wales".  
 5. The Master, James Smith, of the Ship "The Prince of Wales".  
 6. The Master, James Smith, of the Ship "The Prince of Wales".  
 7. The Master, James Smith, of the Ship "The Prince of Wales".  
 8. The Master, James Smith, of the Ship "The Prince of Wales".  
 9. The Master, James Smith, of the Ship "The Prince of Wales".  
 10. The Master, James Smith, of the Ship "The Prince of Wales".

Dr. Edm. Barker, Jr. A.

L O N D O N  
 Printed by J. P. Colclough for Henry P. Colclough, near  
 the Temple Church: 1825.

THE  
SECOND PART  
OF THE  
VISION.

NOW the great *Jubilee* was hasting on!  
That happy welcome Day,  
When Royal *JAMES* and *MARY* were to grace the Crown;  
Which only cou'd for *CHARLES*'s Loss atone;  
And now remain'd but *one* injurious Night  
The Glorious *Triumph* to delay,  
One envious Night alone  
Kept from our *longing Eyes* th' *expected sight*,  
Which more than *all its other joys* endear'd th' *approaching Light*;  
While happier Subjects, whose *Auspicious Fate*  
Might Introduce 'em to that *Scene of State*,  
Were ev'n with *expectation* Extalied,  
I wretch, by my *Cross Stars* that *Bliss* deny'd  
And to a sad *unwholesome* Soyl confin'd,  
A Soyl by *Health* and *Pleasure* long since left behind;  
A Soyl where *unresisted Death* has chose  
To make his *General Rendezvous*,  
Where a vast Army of *Diseases* Reigns,  
And more pernicious *Faction* daily *Conquest* gains;  
Such *various Arts* the *old Seducer* finds  
T'infest at once Mens' *Boases* and their *Minds*:

Here *Pensive* and *Disconsolate*,  
 With Tears, the *Festival* I defecrate ;  
 Which feign I would, but could not better Celebrate :  
 For no such happy opportunity  
 Was by my step-Dame *Fortune* e're indulg'd to me.

## II.

While musing thus *disconsolate* I lay,  
 The kind Salutes of a soft pleasing Voice,  
 In gentle whispers summon'd me away,  
 And cry'd, *Rejoyce ! Rejoyce !*  
 Oblest for ever be the grateful noise !  
 For now, by some strange secret impulse Born,  
 I flew through Regions of the yielding Air,  
 Safe as the wing'd Inhabitants there,  
 'Till tow'ring Eagles were become my scorn ;  
 When lo ! the Pile of fam'd *Antiquity*,  
 That Patern of *Magnificence*,  
 In all whose monumental work we see  
 The just *Encomiums* of its FOUNDER-PRINCE,  
 That Sacred structure of Renown ;  
 Since there our Kings receive their *Unction* and their Crown,  
 That welcome *Object* entertain'd my Eye,  
 With what it most desir'd, the grand *Solemnity*.

## III.

As once *Zachaus* from the Fav'ring Tree,  
 Beheld with Ravishment the great God-Man,  
 Such *Mighty Joy*, such wond'rous *Extasie*  
 Possesst my Soul, when the bright Pomp began,  
 When God-like JAMES with his own Majesty Array'd,  
 His dazling Beams around display'd ;  
 And like the Glorious Ruler of the Day,  
 Cheer'd the inferiour World with Heat and Light,  
 While like the Beauteous *Empress* of the Night  
 (Save that than her more Bright)  
 His Splendid CONSORT, Partner of His Sway,  
 But greater in the Empire of His Heart,  
 Shines with Him all the way,  
 And to each other still new Lustre they impart :

With



With them, in stately Order, forward moves  
 A vast Retinue of attending *Stars*,  
 Whom their great *Leader* for their *Service* Loves;  
 Their *signal Courage* in his Wars ;  
 When *Second Lucifer*, with his *Rebellious Train*,  
 strove to *Exclude* him from his *Right*,  
 But all, (thanks to th' immortal Pow'rs !) in vain;  
 Their routed *Armies* put to flight,  
 Were damn'd to Regions of *Eternal Night*.

## IV.

But now the *Mystick Oyl's* prepar'd, and now  
 The *Glorious Diadem's* made ready too ;  
 Which by reflection from their *brighter Eyes*,  
 The *Native Splendour* of its *Gems* out-ries :  
 Angels look glad *Spectators* down,  
 And bright Saint *CHARLES* from His *Immortal Throne*  
 Applauds His *just Succession* to the *Crown*:  
 That *Crown* which he, by many a *weighty care*,  
 Made easie, to Adorn the *ROYAL HEIR*!

## V.

But *something* yet was to be done,  
 Before the great *Solemnity* begun ;  
 I lookt and saw the *Teeming Womb* of *Hell*  
 Begin to heave and swell,  
 Till after many painful *Pangs* and *Thro's*,  
 It did its *Dismal Mouth* unclofe,  
 And to the hated *Light* a *Dreadful Birth* expose ;  
 Monsters *Deform'd*, and *odious* to the sight,  
 Yet to be view'd with *less* affright  
 Than was *their own*, when in the *Chair* they found  
 The *Royal Hero* ready to be *Crown'd*,  
 And not *Excluded*, blest be *Heaven* nor *Drown'd*.  
 With strange *Confusion* at his *Presence* struck  
 Like *Paralitick Men* they shook,  
 And back towards *Hell* a *hasty flight* they took ;  
 His *Godlike Presence* did confound 'em more  
 Than all the *Miseries* of the *Damn'd* before :  
 But *Entrance* ev'n to *Hell* was yet *deny'd*,  
 The greater *Torment* they must still abide ;  
 At which their *Chief*, the *Raging Lucifer*,  
 An *ugly Fiend*, though once a *Glorious Star*,  
 (Such the *Rewards* of *Treason* and *Rebellion* are ;)   
 Lashing his *Body* with his *Snakey Tayl*,  
 With *Impious Blasphemy* at *Heav'n* did rail,  
 And thus his *unsuccessful Villany* bewail.

## VI.

Is th' th' Effect of all my black *Designs*,  
 Of all my *Plots*, *Caballs*, and deep-wrought *Mines* ;

Did I for this th' Affonation frame  
 To keep my Prince in awe,  
 To Varnish Treason with a specious Name,  
 And justify Rebellion by a Law!  
 Did I for His Exclusion boldly Vote,  
 And sub'tly Bills against His Right promote?  
 Nay, have I impudently put others on  
 To their eternal Ruine and my own,  
 And after all, to find HIM on the Throne!  
 Have I earn'd Hell for this!  
 The angry Fiend had not so quickly done,  
 But that the Hallow'd Scene begun,  
 The Scene I long'd to see, as much as He to Shun.

## VII.

The Sacred Vial ready stands,  
 And by Heaven's great Commissioners hands  
 Down on the Royal Pair is shed;  
 And with it, Blessings light on either head!  
 Oh! may Their Power like that Diffusive prove!  
 May it unbounded spread!  
 And may Their Fame the Odor's scent exceed,  
 Ador'd by all below, approv'd by all above.  
 May ne're their Brows be bent beneath the weight  
 Of an oppressive care,  
 To cause untimely wrinkles there,  
 But let eternal quiet bless their State,  
 And as without, let all be calm within,  
 Peaceful as Innocence, as Heaven's Serene!

## VIII.

Come and Adore, ye happy Nations all!  
 And at your SOV'RAIGN's feet with low Prostration fall!  
 But YOU who dare with Sanctify'd presence  
 Rebel against your Prince;  
 You who Seditious Practice, you who Preach  
 That easy Lesson, there's no need to teach;  
 You who pervert the Sacred Scriptures Sense,  
 And when you please wrest Proofs for Treason thence;  
 Whose whole Religion's disobedience:  
 Hence Damn'd Impostors; Hence!  
 No more Your old rebellious Trade promote,  
 Nor entertain one treasonable thought.  
 Let Icy horror chill your Fiery Rage,  
 And feeble Nerves, as in decrepit Age,  
 Your Villanous Attempts upbraid,  
 And piously refuse their Aid.  
 Let dislocation all your joints possess,  
 And impotence be fool and check your Wickedness;

Let

Let Heav'n!——But why shou'd I name you to Heav'n?  
 The *mention* of you sure is *odious* there,  
 And *thence* your due reward must needs be giv'n;  
 Whence th' *old Republican* your *Father* fell  
     Down to the lowest Hell,  
 For Heav'n of its *Vicegerents* took such care,  
 'Twould not *Rebellion*, though in *Angels* spare.

## IX.

But now the *Royal Heads* are Crown'd,  
 And joyful *Shouts* throughout the Sacred Walls re-sound,  
 Which busie *Angels* catch at the rebound ;  
 And up to Heav'n with eager haste convey,  
 Ecchoing the *pleasing accents* all the way ;  
*Long live the King!* they cry, *Long live the Queen!*  
 And down they quickly bring agen  
 Heav'n's Royal Assent, a triple loud *A M E N!*

## X.

Here by Two *shining Forms* conducted in,  
*E U S E B I A* enter'd, with an alter'd Mein,  
 Not as before clad in a *Mourning* dress,  
 But *such* as did the *great occasion* fit,  
 For by her *Garb* she wou'd her *Joy* express,  
 Regardless how the *vulgar* censur'd it.  
 Much *cost* and *care* on Her *Attire* She spent,  
 Nor deem'd she her *intrinsic Beauty* less,  
 For any *outward Pomp* or *Ornament* ;  
 Remembring, when Her *L O R D* in *Triumph* rode,  
 He chose that *Grandeur* to Proclaim the *G O D*:  
 Now humbly on Her Knees the *Heav'nly Fair*  
 With this *Address* salutes the *Royal Pair*.

## XI.

*England's* become another *Eden* now,  
     With *Peace* and *Plenty* Crown'd;  
 And you, great *Rulers* of Our *Paradise*,  
     Like *those* which in the *first* were found,  
     With *Innocence* abound ;  
     With *Innocence* and *Knowledge* too,  
 A *Miracle* the others never knew ;  
 Who lost their *Innocence* attempting to be *Wise*.  
 All Hail ! Great *Queen* in whom your *Realms* are blest,  
 Glorious as *Morning Sun-beams* in the *East* !  
 Richer within, and lovelier to the *Eye*  
 Than the fair *Fruit* of the *forbidden Tree* ;  
     'Tis You, beyond Your *Sex* alone,  
     That have the noblest *Grandeur* shown ;  
*Grandeur* improv'd by *Condescension*.  
 To You, as *Heav'n* all *Suppliants* have access,  
 Nor do they find Your *God-like Bounty* less ;

[To the Queen,

Scarce they with greater haste declare their Grief,  
 Than that Your *Pity* makes to their *Relief*;  
 So excellent You are in each degree,  
 That You a powerful argument Create,  
 To prove *Perfection* in the humane state:  
 Not *Eve*, at best, deserv'd so much to be  
 Queen of a *Universal Monarchy*?  
 But You a nobler Empire have than she;  
 You in our *Monarchs* larger Heart are great,  
 And You alone deserve that *happy Seat*;  
*Long* may your Reign be *there*!  
 And *long* and *peaceful* may His Rule be *here*.

## XII.

Hail best of *Monarchs*! without parallel!  
 Go on in *Vertue*, till (if possible)  
 As now all others, You *Your self* excell!  
 Hail Great Preserver of *EUSEBIA's Peace*,  
 In whom Her Wishes gladly acquiesce!  
 Your early Care did Her *Request* prevent,  
 Your *Bounteous Promise* Her *Desires* exceed;  
 She from Your *Pow'r* no *Injury* cou'd dread,  
 But labour'd long for its *Establishment*;  
     So well *Your Soul* she understood,  
     And knew You so *Divinely good*,  
 That to be guilty of the *smallest ill*  
 To you, as Heav'n, must be impossible.  
 Here at your Princely Feet her self she throws,  
     Her *Life*, her *AiFs* at your dispose,  
 Who nothing dear as her *Obedience* knows.  
 Safe in the great *Asylum* of your *Arms*,  
     She can't be fright'ned at *Alarms*;  
 While your *Indulgence* is her *Confidence*  
 She knows your *Pow'r* a strong secure defence;  
 Within the *Verge* of whose protecting *Shade*  
 No *Danger* can approach, nor *Enemies invade*.  
 Vouchsafe then, mighty *Sov'raign*, to allow  
 The humble *Tribute* of *Eusebia's Vow*:  
 If e're she does your *Royal Word* distrust,  
     Or to your *Int'rest* proves unjust,  
 May greater *Plagues* light on her perjur'd *Head*  
 Than all her *Foes* can wish, or *Fav'ers* dread;  
 And may just Heav'n give her no longer date  
 Than *Cesar* finds her *Faith* to him inviolate.  
 Here bowing low, she ended, and retir'd  
 To view, at leisure, what she most admir'd;  
 No sight so well employ'd her *Eyes* as this,  
 The *Object* of her *Love*, and *Author* of her *Bliss*.



## XIII.

And now Great *JAMES*, with God-like Clemency,  
 Gives blest Presages of his gracious Reign;  
 Death lays its useleſs Weapons by,  
 The hungry Skeleton expects his Prey in vain.  
 'Tis mighty *James's* Pleasure none ſhall dye.  
 This wonder more than *Eden* knew, we ſee  
 The Tree of Life *unguarded* ſtands, and free!  
 But back too forward Muſe to thy Obſcurity,  
 For no *Indemnity* can ſure extend to thee!  
 Who doſt their *Sacred Majesties* prophane  
 With *low* expreſſion and *ignoble* ſtrain;  
 Say what pretence,  
 What canſt thou urge in thy defence?  
 Thou haſt alas this only *Plea*,  
 That though thou didſt preſume too near,  
 It was not in *Iſcariot's* way,  
 That with a *false Salute* thou might'ſt betray;  
 But 'twas with pious Reverence, awful Fear,  
 With humble and untainted Innocence,  
 And with a Mind ſtill firm to *Loyalty*,  
 The *Earlieſt Leſſon* of thy Infancy:  
 Thou didſt no *Tyrants* Riſe Congratulate,  
 Nor, to increaſe his Pageant State,  
 In *Panegyrics* on his Chariot wait;  
 Nor mourn his *Fall* when hurl'd to Hell by Fate:  
 Then while thy KING his *Bleſſings* does diſpence,  
 Thou may'ſt ſome tranſient drop receive,  
 Warm'd by whoſe powerful Influence  
 Thy *fading Laurels* may revive;  
 So the exhausted Patient in the Crowd  
 With dread the bleſt *Physician's* Robe approach'd,  
 And thence receiv'd the expected good,  
 Becauſe with *Faith* and *Reverence* ſhe touch'd.

F I N I S.

ADVER.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE Vision: A Pindarick Ode: Occasion'd by the Death of our Late Sovereign King *CHARLES* the Second, by *Edm. Arwaker*, M. A.

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